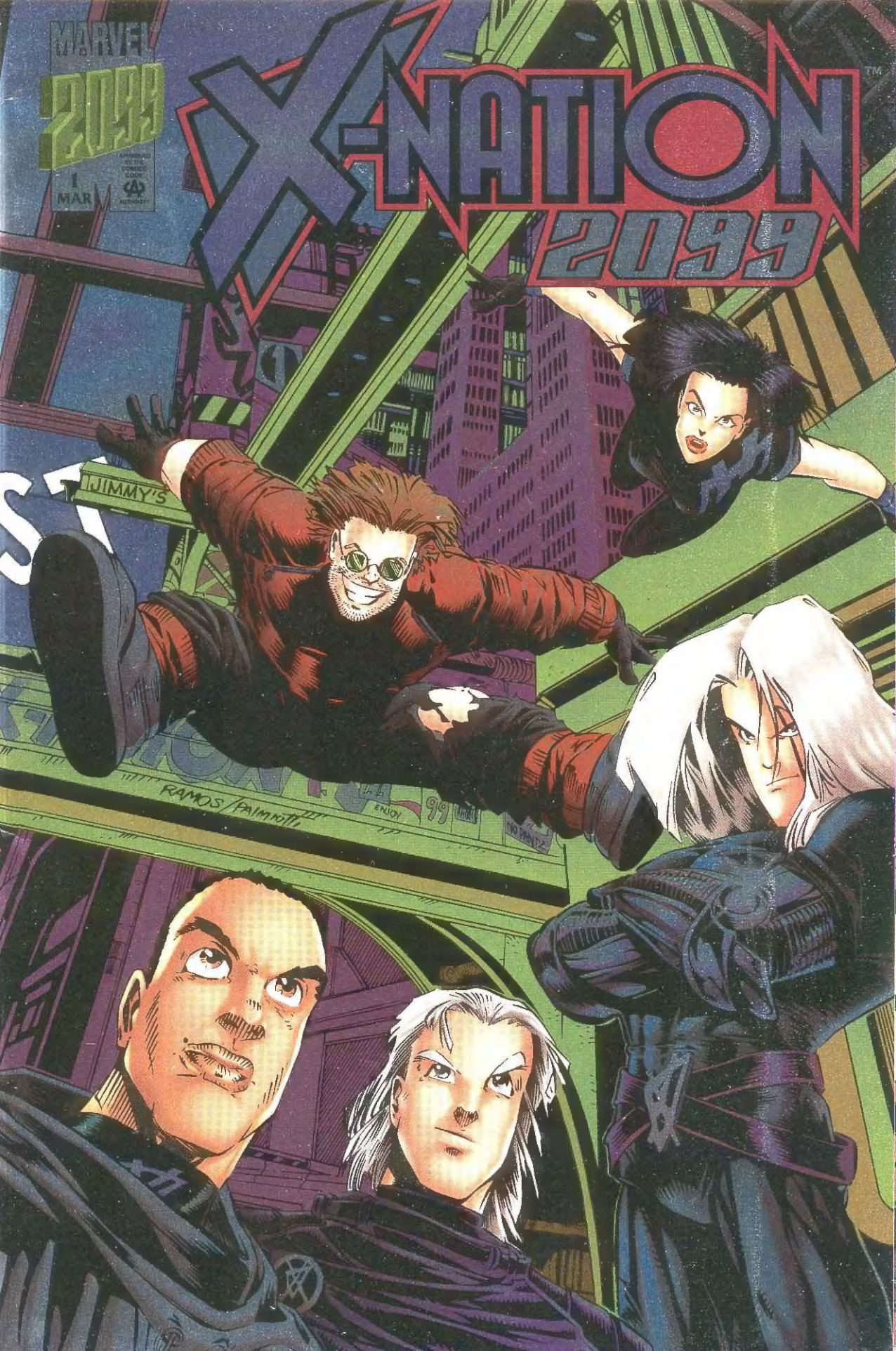
MARVEL
2099
1
MAR
X-NATION
2099
JIMMY'S
RAMOS/PALMIOTTI
ENJOY
99
NO PANTS

YOU ARE NOW ENTERING HALO CITY... KNOWN POPULARLY AS X-NATION...
71
...AN INDEPENDENT AMERICAN CITY-STATE, RECENTLY FOUNDED ON AN OLD, FORGOTTEN PROMISE:
"GIVE US YOUR TIRED, YOUR POOR...
"...YOUR REJECTS, YOUR CLONES, YOUR DEGENS, YOUR RAD-VICTIMS, YOUR HUDDLED MUTANTS YEARNING TO BREATHE FREE."
JUST A FEW WEEKS INTO THIS NEW ERA, THOUSANDS OF REFUGEES FROM NIGHTMARISH LIVES FILL THE CITY STREETS AND SKIES WITH HOPE...

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SIXTH OR SEVENTH GENESIS
THERE HE IS! GET HIM!
... BUT SOME, OUT OF HABIT, STAY UNDER-GROUND.
N4573-F
STAN LEE PRESENTS...
THE FIRST LOOK AT THE MOST OUTRAGEOUS MUTANTS OF 2099, courtesy of:
TOM PEYER WRITER
HUMBERTO RAMOS PENCILER
JIMMY PALMIOTTI INKER
JON BABCOCK LETTERER
J. BROWN COLORIST
MALIBU SEPARATOR
JOEY CAVALIERI EDITOR
BOBBIE CHASE CHIEF

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LETTERER	COLORIST	SEPARATOR	EDITOR	CHIEF

C'MERE, DOGGY!

:Tch Tch!: COME ON, POOCH!

LEAVE ME ALONE, DORIAN! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU!

STUPID, EGG-SUCKING *CUR*!

YOU *ALREADY* HURT ME! YOU *RAN AWAY*!

FAASHH

WHA-ROOM!!

AAAHH!

DON'T MAKE ME *DO* THIS, DORIAN!

DON'T MAKE MEEEEEE EAAARRRGH!

C'MERE, DOGGY!
:Tch Tch!: COME ON, POOCH!
LEAVE ME ALONE, DORIAN! I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU!
STUPID, EGG-SUCKING CUR!
YOU ALREADY HURT ME! YOU RAN AWAY!
FAASHH
WHA-ROOM!
AAAHH!
DON'T MAKE ME DO THIS, DORIAN!
DON'T MAKE MEEEEEE
EAARRGH!

BOYS! GET OVER HERE! WULFF'S IN FULL RABIES-MODE!
AAARR!
I GOT HIM, DORIAN! IF HE THINKS HE'S TOO GOOD TO RUN WITH THE WILD BOYS--
--AFTER ALL WE'VE BEEN THROUGH TOGETHER--
--THEN TO HECK WITH HIM!
SKAK! ZAK! ZAAK!
SKIZZL!
AAHR!
THAT TOOK THE FIGHT OUTTA HIM!
GOOD! NOW PUT HIM TO SLEEP!
WAIT--
--SENSING SOMETHING! WEIRD CHANGE IN THE AIR-- SCENT OF OLDIE!
RUN!!
Yeah, LIKE WE STILL TRUST Y-- HEY!
WHROOM!

WHO--?
YOUR SAVIOR. I'VE BEEN HEARING ABOUT YOU. THEY SAY YOU ABANDONED YOUR BRUTAL OLD GANG WAYS WHEN YOU CAME TO HALO CITY.
SEEMS YOUR BRUTAL OLD GANG CHOSE DIFFERENT.
HOP ABOARD.
Aww, NO! OUR BIKES!
AND THAT OLDIE'S GOT WULFF!
HOPE HE FLAYS THAT MUTT ALIVE!
Hey, YER RIGHT! WE SHOULD GET TA PULP 'IM!
NO! HE'S NOT GETTING AWAY FROM US! WE'RE HIS FAMILY!
WHO ARE YOU? HOW'D YOU RIG THE AVALANCHE? WHY'D YOU SAVE ME? AND--
SORRY. THREE ANSWERS IS ALL YOU GET. I'M MORPHINE SOMERS. UNCLE MORPHINE TO YOU.
AND THE AVALANCHE WAS EASY. I TOUCH THINGS, THEY CRUMBLE WITH AGE. REALLY ANNOYS PEOPLE.
AND AS FOR WHY I'D SAVE YOU... WELL...
...I BELIEVE THAT CHILDREN'RE THE FUTURE. TREAT THEM WELL AND THEY WILL LEAD THE WAY.
...A KID LIKE YOU HAS A GOD-GIVEN RIGHT TO A FULL STOMACH, THE RIGHT KIND OF ATTENTION...

"... AND A PLACE TO CALL HOME."
XAVIER SHELTER FOR INDIGENT CHILDREN
Hey, CEREBRA. HOW'S YOUR LITTLE TEEN-MUTANT-HUNTING OPERATION?
IT IS NONE OF YOUR AFFAIR.
Yeah, Well... I BAGGED ONE TONIGHT. SO I GUESS I'M IN.
"IN"?
Mr. SOMERS, YOU ARE NOT "IN".
THE MESSIAH-QUEST COULD DETERMINE THE FUTURE OF THE WORLD. IT IS NOT A CAREER OPPORTUNITY FOR OUSTED POLITICIANS.
Whoa-- YOU SEE THROUGH ME.
YOU'RE RIGHT, AS USUAL. IT'S ALL TOO IMPORTANT TO RISK INVOLVING THE LIKES OF ME. GUESS I'LL JUST SLINK OUT OF HERE...
...AND TAKE MY LITTLE FOUNDLING WITH ME.
MORPHINE--
WAIT.

IN THE SHELTER'S INFIRMARY...
HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?
DIS-INFECTING YOU. ENTER THE X INSTITUTE, CHECK YOUR PARASITES AT THE DOOR. THAT'S RULE ONE.
HERE ARE THE REST: ADDRESS ME RESPECTFULLY. MY NAME IS SISTER NICHOLAS, NOT "HEY".
NO CONTRABAND. NO WEAPONS. NO VIOLENT OR DESTRUCTIVE USE OF MUTANT POWERS.
OBEY ALL SISTERS. OBSERVE CURFEW. DO YOUR CHORES WITHOUT WHINING. WEAR YOUR UNIFORM.
OKAY, YOU'RE CLEAN. PUT IT ON.
SISTER NICHOLAS? HOW COME YOU GET TO CARRY WEAPONS?
THE SISTERS OF THE HOWLING COMMANDMENTS BRING FAITH, HOPE AND CHARITY TO THE DREGS OF THE WORLD. WE NEED TO ARM OURSELVES.
YOU DO NOT. NOW MAKE IT SNAPPY...
... YOU'RE KEEPING YOUR NEW FAMILY WAITING.
MY WHAT?

"YOUR FAMILY."
I AM SO SHOCKING BOOORREEDD!
HOW CAN THOSE HOWLERS LOCK US IN ON SATURDAY NIGHT?
'CAUSE IT'S ALWAYS SUNDAY MORNING AROUND HERE.
UN-ACCEPTABLE! AS YOUR LEADER, I HAVE NO CHOICE BUT TO AUTHORIZE A--
FIELD TRIP!!
UPROAR, YOU'RE NOBODY'S LEADER--AND THAT IS THE RISKIEST, MOST DEMENTED IDEA I'VE EVER HEARD!
YOU'LL HAVE US ALL LIVING BACK ON THE STREETS!
SO? COUNT ME IN! IF I DON'T GET A BREAK FROM OTHER PEOPLE'S RULES, I'LL EXPLODE!
QUIET! INCOMING HOWLER!
CHIL-DREN... MEET WULFF.
SLAAM!
Hey, WULFF. I'M DECEMBER.
WE'RE BREAKING OUT OF HERE TO-NIGHT. YOU IN?
Yeah.

SKRA-ZAAK!
WAIT A MINUTE! I KNOW YOU! YOU'RE ONE OF THOSE CRAZY WILD BOYS!*
WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
*THEY MET IN X-MEN 2099 N°30. NOW ON SALE! -JOEY
WHO CARES, CLARION? I WANT OUT OF HERE!
UPROAR! NO!
YOU CAN'T KEEP POWERING UP IN CLOSE QUARTERS LIKE TH--AAHHRR!
LET'S GO!
NOSTROMO? YOU ALL RIGHT?
÷nnhh÷ my leg... gashed it open...
SHLIK
CHAK CHEK
CIRCUITRY-- SCABBING OVER THE WOUND?
...
IS THAT WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ARMS?
DON'T TOUCH ME, WILLOW!
HEY! TAKE IT EASY...

YOU'RE NOT SO DIFFERENT, NOSTROMO. NOT FROM THE REST OF US, ANYWAY.
GUYS!
SISTER NICK'S COMING! SHE'LL SEE HOW UPROAR'S POWER-SURGE WRECKED THIS PLACE!
I'M IN!
ALL RIGHT!
WAIT FOR ME!
WE'LL ALL FIT, TWILIGHT?
JUST SQUEEZE IN! HURRY!
MOVE OVER!
TO WHERE?
UGGGHH. YOU ALL HAD TO COME, RIGHT?
YOU CAN PHASE US ALL RIGHT THROUGH THE WALL? THIS IS AMAZING!
ALL RIGHT. I'M OUT THROUGH THE WALL.
IF YOU'RE WITH ME, GET IN MY SPHERE, NOW.
IF YOU'RE STAYING, HAVE A NICE FUNERAL.
DON'T GET USED TO IT...

"... 'CAUSE YOU'LL NEVER GET THE CHANCE AGAIN."
WILLOW.
WHY DID SHE DO IT? WHY DID SHE RUN AWAY?
I WOULD HAVE GIVEN HER EVERY-THING...
...AND SHE LEFT ME WITH NOTHING.
RAZORWING... YOU CAN FEEL MY PAIN, CAN'T YOU? YOU'RE A GOOD FRIEND.
BUT THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO. NO-THING I CAN DO.
SKREE

KZZZZ ZAAAT!
YOU CAN STILL PUNISH HER, AVIAN.
WHAT? WHO DARES--?
CAREFUL, AVIAN, I'M STARTING TO WONDER WHERE I STAND WITH YOU.
HEROD! SIR!
YOU'RE STILL PLANNING TO ROUND UP THOSE MUTANT MESSIAH CANDIDATES, RIGHT?
OF COURSE...
AND YOU'RE GOING TO HAND THEM ALL OVER TO ME, RIGHT? EVEN YOUR PRECIOUS WILLOW.
RIGHT?
YES, SIR.
GOOD. YOU'D BETTER NOT SCREW WITH ME.
I MEAN, WHAT HAVE YOU GOT? A BUNCH OF ROBOT BIRDS AND AN AMUSEMENT PARK. I OWN AMERICA.
I OWN YOU.

Out Of My Head Editorial I

Believe it: we're just as astonished, nonplussed and pleased with the book you hold in your hands as you are! It's the result of a long and twisted set of funny coincidences, strange circumstances and plain ol' sweat. Allow us to tell you the story some time, like when all the concerned parties die and there's no threat of litigation.

If we haven't thanked them enough, here's once more with feeling: Tom Peyer, Humberto Ramos, Jimmy Palmiotti and J. Brown: thank you one and all for coming through for us and providing us with the most fun we've had all year.

No surprise that we feel this way...how about you? You know the address!

Next Issue:
Detention 2099!

Lia Pelosi Assistant Editor
Joey Cavalieri Editor

Send Letters to: X-Nation 2099
c/o Marvel Comics
387 Park Avenue South
New York, NY 10016

Out Of My Head Editorial II

Help! I'm stuck here watching the Sci-Fi Channel! It began when Stan started the Mighty Marvel Marathon, and I haven't budged the remote button since! If you're in a similar situation, you'll recognize it here:

1) If Ray Bradbury released a new novel tomorrow, you'd
a) line up at the bookstore to buy it.
b) discuss it all night on AOL.
c) translate it into Klingon.

2) When it comes to personalities, you wonder:
a) what H. G. Wells would think of today's technological advances.
b) how Thomas Edison would've worked if he had a Macintosh.
c) who they'll get to play Judy Jetson in the movie.

3) When someone says "Howard" your mind naturally goes to
a) Cosell.
b) Stern.
c) the Duck.

4) After a late night in front of the tube, you thank heaven:
a) Rod Serling worked so long in commercial television.
b) those undiscovered pilots of lost TV shows were not destroyed.
c) Cheech and Chong never made a science-fiction movie.

The science-fiction action figure a Sci-Fi Channel fan will never want is:
a) a prototype of Boba Fett without his helmet.
b) the Mugwump from "Naked Lunch."
c) Astronaut [illegible]

As for us, you're concerned, the best announcement they could ever make on the Sci-Fi Channel is:
a) "They've fixed the Hubble Telescope."
b) "A tenth planet has been discovered."
c) "Now stay tuned for Quantum Leap."

INSIDE THE NEGATIVE ZONE, A NIGHT CLUB AND MILK BAR...
CLARRRIONN... YOUR FACE... IT FEELS LIKE MY FACE.
BUT IT DOESN'T, TOO. THAT'S SO SAAAD.
UNBELIEVABLE.
YOU JUST STICK THOSE ELECTRO-THINGS ON YOUR HEADS, AND YOU GET LIKE THIS--
--FROM DRINKING MILK?
TRRRRY IT, CLARIOOOON 'S REALLY GOOD F'R YOUR BONES AN' TEEEEETH.
MY HANDS...

INSIDE THE NEGATIVE ZONE, A NIGHT CLUB AND MILK BAR...

CLARRRIONN... YOUR FACE... IT FEELS LIKE MY FACE.

BUT IT DOESN'T, TOO. THAT'S SO SAAAD.

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--FROM DRINKING MILK?

TRRRRY IT, CLARIOOOON 'S REALLY GOOD F'R YOUR BONES AN' TEEEEETH.

MILK

GLUG-LUG-LUG-LUG-LUG-LUG

UUPPP- ROARR! TRYIN' T' DROWN ME IN YER SPILLLL?

MY HANDS...

HAVE YOU SEEN ME?

...AND BONES... AND TEEETH...

DID I SAY THAT ALREADY?

UPROAR! QUIT SPEWING YOUR LAVA ON ME!

THESE... GEEKS ARE THE ONES THEY'RE LOOKING FOR?

MAKE THE CALL. IF THEY FIND OUT WE SAW THEM AND DIDN'T CALL...

HANDS! MY HANDS!

WULFF! FEEL YOUR FACE!

WHU-?

IS IT MINE?

GLUG-LUG-LUG-LUG-LUG
MILK
!!LIPPP- ROARR! TRYIN' T' DROWN ME IN YER SPILLLL?
THESE... GEEKS ARE THE ONES THEY'RE LOOKING FOR?
MAKE THE CALL. IF THEY FIND OUT WE SAW THEM AND DIDN'T CALL...
MILK
HAVE YOU SEEN ME?
...AND BONES... AND TEEETH...
DID I SAY THAT ALREADY?
UPROAR! QUIT SPEWING YOUR LAVA ON ME!
HANDS! MY HANDS!
WULFF! FEEL YOUR FACE!
WHU-?
IS IT MINE?

I HAVE TO FEEL EVERYBODY'S FACE NOW. THEY'RE ALL MINE.
CLARION'S...
...THEN NOSTROMO'S...
...WULFF'S...
HANDS.
RAAUHR!
AAAHH!
WULFF! STOP IT! YOU'RE SCARING HER!
GLUG-LUG-GLUG-LUG-LUG
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU? WHY DID YOU DO THAT?
I DON'T KNOW, I--
EVERYBODY'S GIVING UP THEIR CONTROL, AND I'M ALWAYS TRYING TO HANG ON TO MINE AND--
JUST KEEP AWAY FROM ME, ALL OF YOU! LEAVE ME ALONE!
I KNEW WE SHOULDN'T HAVE TAKEN ON A WILD BOY!
SHL'KK
THIS--

...SUCKS!!
SPLOOSH!
WA-HRAMM!
:SPUT: YOU-- --SPILLED--
--MY-- --MILK!!
Hey... DON'T CRY OVER IT...
ONLY ONE CRYING'S GONNA BE WOOFIE!
Oh, Yeah?
CUT IT OUT, YOU TWO! THIS IS GOING TOO FAR--
Ohhh, SHOCK! THEY CAN'T EVEN HEAR ME OVER THIS MUSIC!
GUESS I'LL HAVE TO GET THEIR ATTENTION!
SHZZAAANG!
:GUNNG-NNG-NGG:
WHOAA! CLARION! THAT SOUND-INTO-FORCE DEAL'S A RIOT! I THINK I'M HEMORRHAGING!
I TOLD YOU WE'D HAVE FUN TONIGHT.
heh.
FUN?

FUN!
RUNNING AWAY... GOOFING THEMSELVES UP ON MILK... BEATING EACH OTHER'S BRAINS OUT...
I MIGHT AS WELL BE BACK WITH THE WILD BOYS!
THWIKK!
TOO LATE FOR THAT, DOGGIE!
AAAAH!
REMEMBER YOUR PLEDGE, FIDO? YOU SWORE YOU'D RUN WITH US 'TIL YOU'RE DEAD!
SO IF YOU QUIT, I GUESS YOU ALREADY ARE!
SO WE'RE JUST GONNA MAKE IT OFFICIAL!
SHZAKK!

SHRAAKK!
LET HIM GO!
HE'S ONE OF US NOW.
SHIZZLL!
SOUNDS LIKE DOG-BOY'S ATTACHED TO HIS NEW FAMILY ALREADY!
DESTROY 'EM!
SHZAAKK!
EXXES! DON'T DO THIS! NOT FOR ME! THESE GUYS ARE KILLERS!
GET AWAY FROM HERE!
YOU OKAY, WULFF? HOPE MY COLD-BURN DIDN'T SINGE YOU!
DECEMBER, I'LL HANDLE THIS, JUST GO!
SORRY, WULFF! WE GOT NO PLACE TO GO, AND HOME'S TOO BORING!
'SIDES, MUCH AS WE LOVE YOU, WE'D PROB'LY FIGHT THESE CREEPS ANYWAY! SOMEBODY HAS TO!
POW!
WHAM!
SOK!

SKZ!!TT!!
WILD-BOYS! GET THE OTHERS! I'LL GIVE ICE-QUEEN THE SLAM!
SLAM? WHAT'S THE--
CHECK! I CALL THE MACHINE!
NOSTROMO!
AAHH!
NOISY BIKE! GIVE ME A JUMP.
=unnghh=
right.
slam.
SKRAKOOM!
DON'T YOU EVER TOUCH NOSTROMO!
HEY, TWILIGHT! YOU IN THIS FIGHT?
WHO MADE YOU BOSS, CLARION? I'LL HANDLE MY END MYSELF.
HEY, C'MERE, TINY. YOU'RE CUTE.
ME? CUTE?
STILL THINK SO?
HA! STUPID FIREWORKS AIN'T GONNA STOP MY GAMMA-CLUB!
OH?

GET IN HERE!
WH-WHAT?
YOU'RE ON MY TURF NOW, GANG-BOY! YOU KNOW WHAT I CALL THESE "STUPID FIREWORKS"?
I-- I CAN'T MOVE!
I CALL IT MY SPHERE OF INFLUENCE. THE ONLY NATURAL LAWS THAT OPERATE IN HERE ARE THE ONES I HAPPEN TO LIKE!
LET'S SEE IF I CAN COME UP WITH A DISGUSTING ONE FOR YOU!
HEY, CHANGELING! COPY ME! I'LL RIP YOU TO BLOODY SHREDS!
WARBIRD!
LEAVE HER ALONE! THIS IS OUR CITY, NOT THE BIG BAD WORLD! WE DON'T HAVE TO BE HARD HERE--

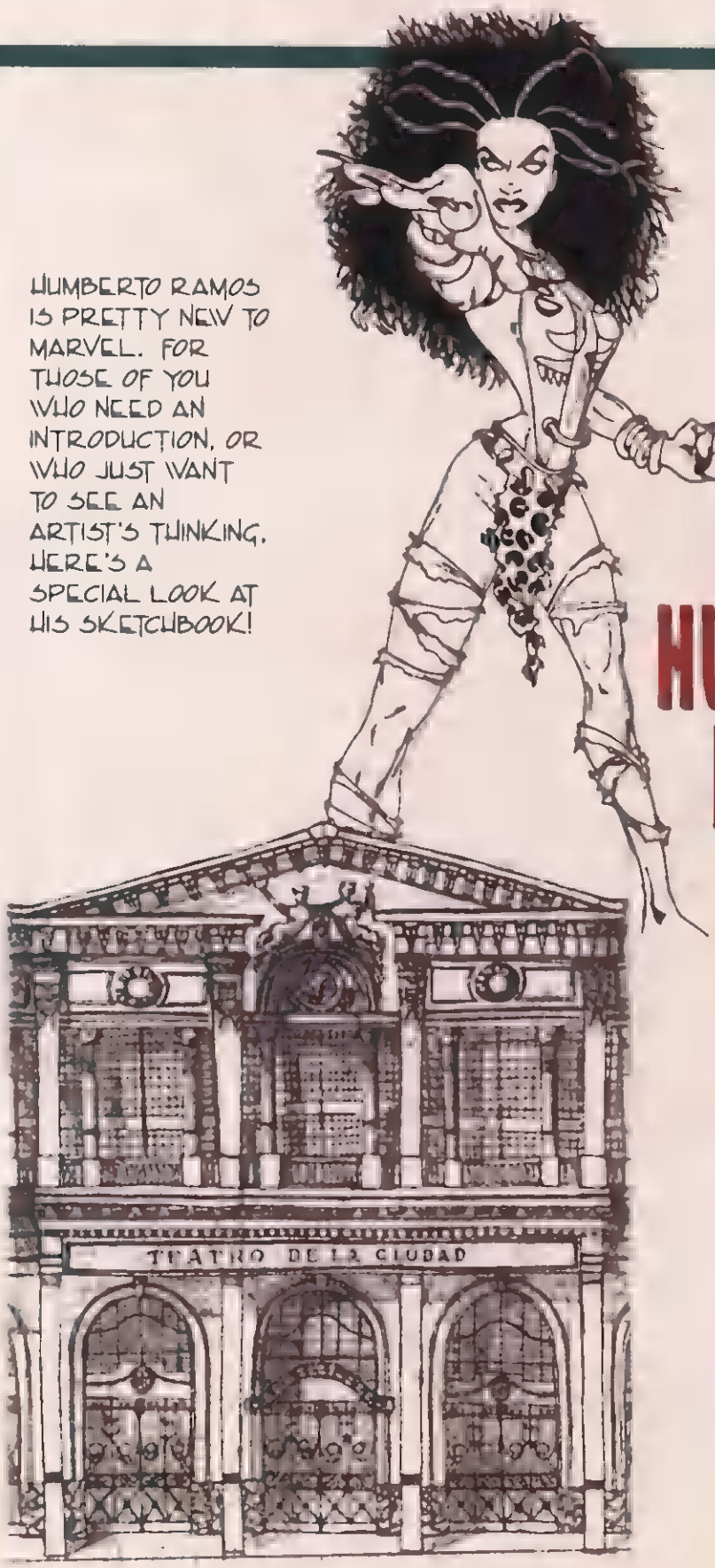
WHAT ARE YOU, FORTY YEARS OLD? LECTURING ME WHEN YOU SHOULD BE TRYING TO TEAR MY THROAT OUT?
WHAT'D THEY DO TO YOU?
BONNK!
ALL RIGHT...
CHOK!
...HAVE IT YOUR WAY...
...LOSER!
WULFF! THANKS FOR THE SAVE.
GUESS WE'RE GOOD TOGETHER. WE WON.
WHUMMP!
NO WE DIDN'T. LOOKS LIKE DORIAN GOT AWAY.
DORIAN? WHO'S HE?
THE WORST OF THEM. COME ON...

"...LET'S FIGURE OUT WHAT TO DO WITH THE REST."
WOW. COPS CARTING AWAY GUYS WE BEAT. I FEEL LIKE A SUPER HERO.
WHAT'S A SUPER HERO?
Hey.. SHOULDN'T WE TAKE CREDIT FOR THIS?
NOT IF WE WANT TO LIVE.
HE'S RIGHT. WE SNUCK OUT, REMEMBER? IF WE DON'T LIE LOW--
--WE'LL HAVE GUYS COMIN' AFTER US.
THEN SHOCK IT. WE HAD OUR BIG NIGHT...
STAR WARD
POLICE
"...LET'S GO HOME."
Okay, THROUGH THAT DOOR. QUIETLY! WE WAKE ANY HOWLERS, IT'S ALL OVER!
COAST CLEAR, WULFF?
SNIFF SNIFF I DON'T KNOW! ALL I CAN SMELL IS UPROAR--
HEYY!
STOMP STOMP
UPROAR! SHUT UP!

AND WE'RE INSIDE--
AAAAHH!
SHLIKLAK!
HOLY SHOCK!
DO YOU CHILDREN HAVE ANY IDEA WHAT TIME IT IS?
NEXT: DETENTION 2099

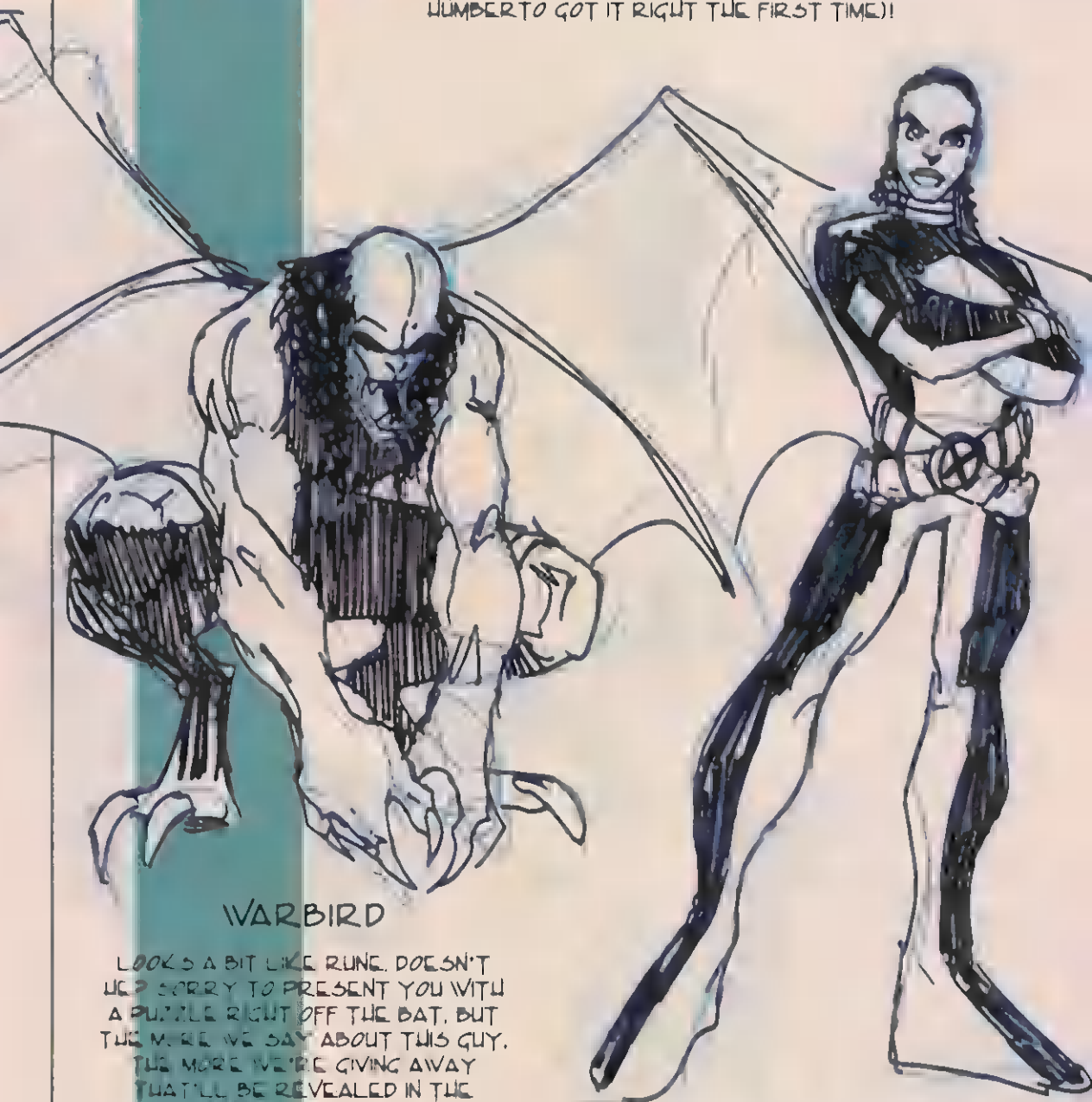
THE ART OF HUMBERTO RAMOS

HUMBERTO RAMOS IS PRETTY NEW TO MARVEL. FOR THOSE OF YOU WHO NEED AN INTRODUCTION, OR WHO JUST WANT TO SEE AN ARTIST'S THINKING, HERE'S A SPECIAL LOOK AT HIS SKETCHBOOK!



X-NATION 2099 SKETCHBOOK

THOUGHT YOU'D SEE A LOT OF TRIAL AND ERROR ON THESE PAGES? NOT THIS TIME. HUMBERTO READ TOM PEYER'S SYNOPSIS FOR THIS ISSUE AND HIS COSTUME DESIGNS FOR THE CHARACTERS CRYSTALLIZED ALMOST IMMEDIATELY. THEY PRACTICALLY SPRANG TO LIFE FULL BLOWN. BUT SEE IF YOU CAN SPOT THE CHANGES WE MADE (AND TRY AND FIGURE OUT WHY WE MADE THEM. WHEN HUMBERTO GOT IT RIGHT THE FIRST TIME)!



WARBIRD

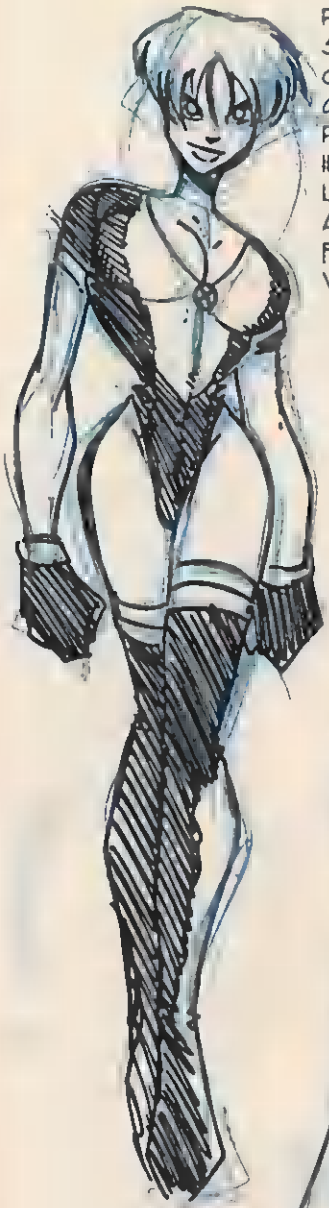
LOOKS A BIT LIKE RUNE. DOESN'T HE? SORRY TO PRESENT YOU WITH A PUZZLE RIGHT OFF THE BAT, BUT THE MORE WE SAY ABOUT THIS GUY, THE MORE WE'RE GIVING AWAY THAT'LL BE REVEALED IN THE ISSUES TO COME!

THIS GUY BEARS AN EXTREMELY CLOSE RELATIONSHIP WITH THAT BAT-WINGED BRUISER. YEAH, WE'RE BEING PURPOSELY VAGUE, BUT A CAREFUL RE-READING OF THIS ISSUE WILL GIVE YOU ENOUGH CLUES TO KEEP YOU THINKING OVER THE NEXT FEW MONTHS!

X-NATION 2099 SKETCHBOOK

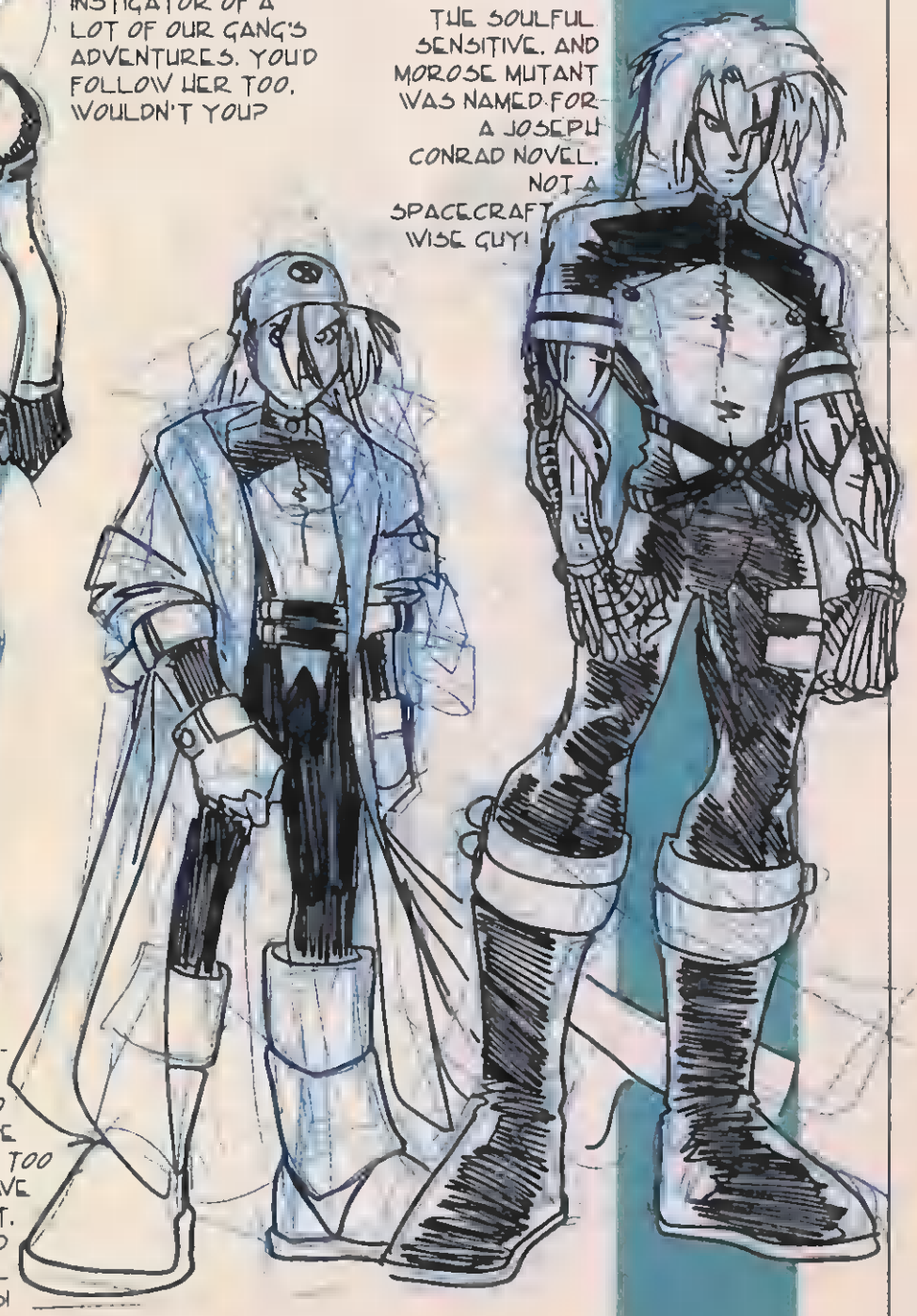
DECEMBER

HER FROSTY LOOKS AND PERSONALITY SEEMED TO COALESCE ALL AT ONCE! SHE'S PRETTY MUCH THE INSTIGATOR OF A LOT OF OUR GANG'S ADVENTURES. YOU'D FOLLOW HER TOO, WOULDN'T YOU?



NOSTROMO

THE SOULFUL, SENSITIVE, AND MOROSE MUTANT WAS NAMED FOR A JOSEPH CONRAD NOVEL, NOT A SPACECRAFT, WISE GUY!



WULFF

HALF-LINUS, HALF-SABRETOOTH, ALL NASTY! HUMBERTO THOUGHT HE'D MADE HIM LOOK A LITTLE *TOO* YOUNG HERE. BUT WE GOT HIS AGE RIGHT. ONCE WE FIGURED OUT HOW TO SPELL HIS NAME, THAT IS!

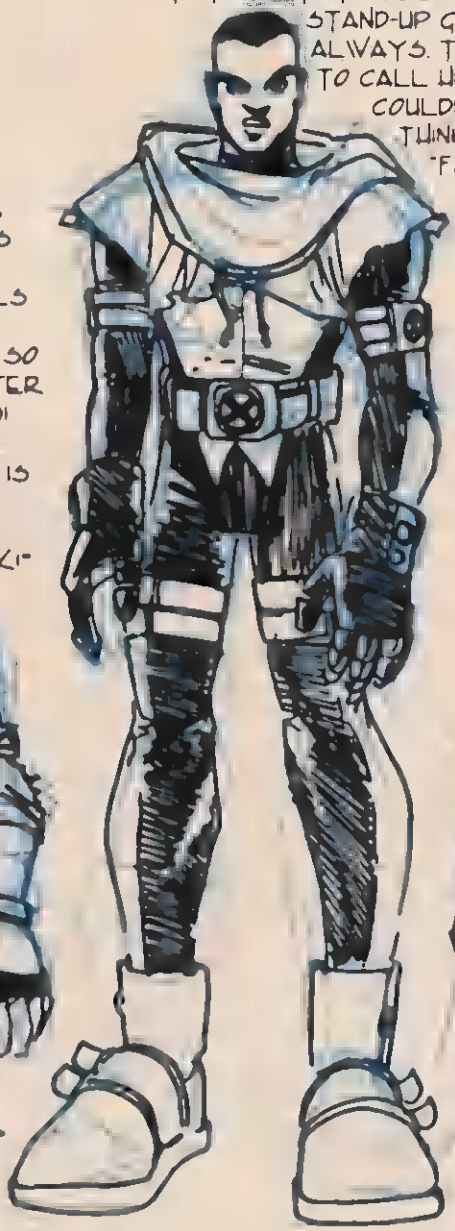
X-NATION 2099 SKETCHBOOK

UPROAR

WE WENT BACK AND FORTH ON A HANDLE FOR THIS JOKER. IT WAS "RIOT," THEN "UPROAR," THEN "EVEREST!" TOM DUG IN HIS HEELS AND STUCK BY "UPROAR" BUT "RIOT" WAS TOO GOOD TO LOSE. SO THAT'S THE NAME OF A CHARACTER IN FF 2099! OH WELL. "UPROAR" IS BETTER THAN "UPCHUCK!"

CLARION

OF ALL THE TEAM MEMBERS, HE SEEMED TO GO THROUGH THE LEAST ALTERATION. HE'S A STAND-UP GUY FIRST, LAST AND ALWAYS. TOM ORIGINALLY WANTED TO CALL HIM "BLARE." BUT JOEY COULDN'T SAY IT WITHOUT THINKING OF THE OLD "FACTS OF LIFE" SITCOM!



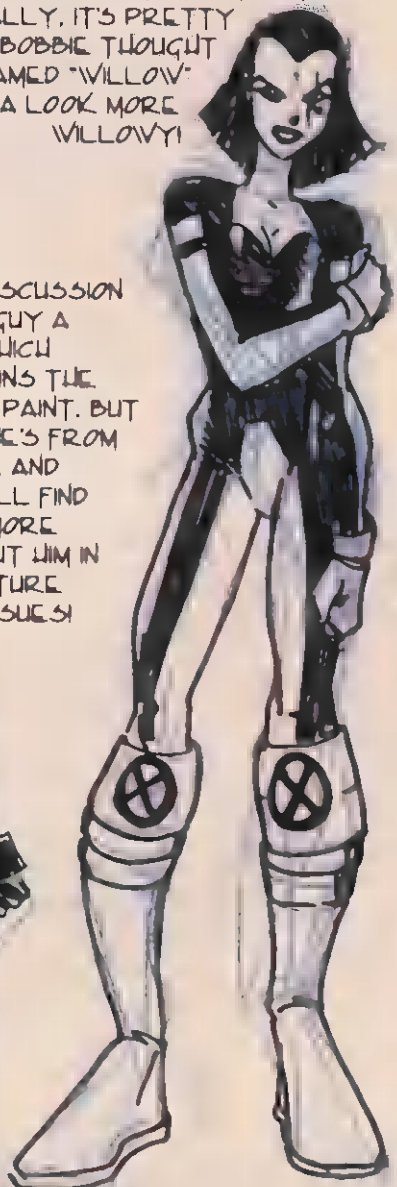
TWILIGHT

ORIGINALLY, TOM'S NAME FOR HER WAS "NEW ORDER." JOEY THOUGHT "ZONA ROSA" MIGHT DESCRIBE HER POWERS BETTER, BUT HUMBERTO THOUGHT THE NAME HAD CONNOTATIONS THAT MIGHT BE UNINTENTIONALLY FUNNY. SHE CAME WITHIN A HAIR'S BREADTH OF BEING NAMED "SERLING."

X-NATION 2099 SKETCHBOOK

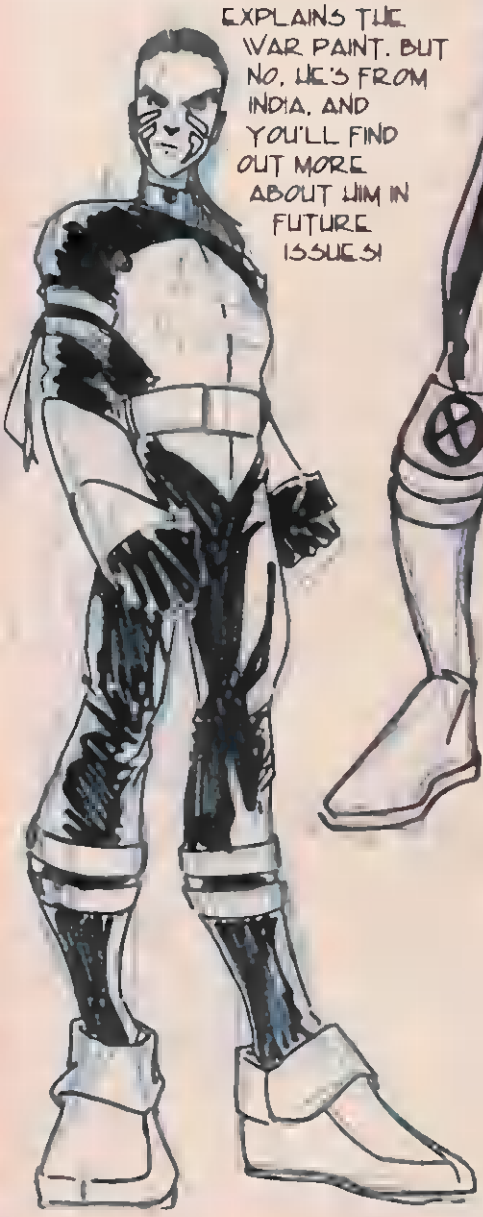
WILLOW

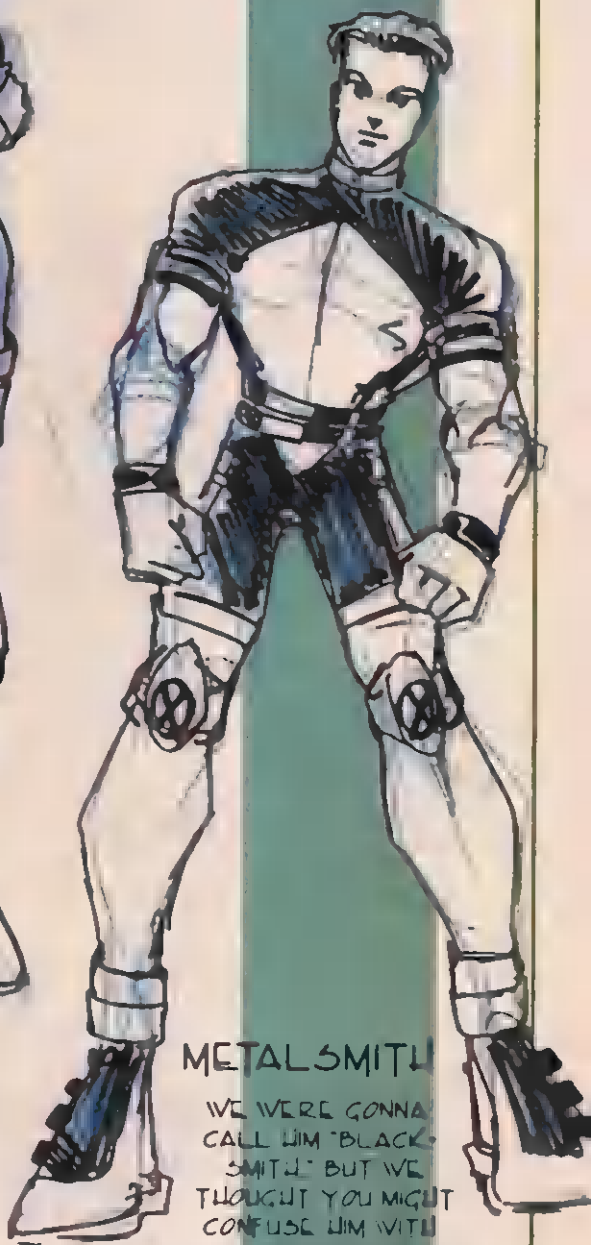
THE HAIRCUT'S THE "KING TUT" WHICH WILL SWEEP THE COUNTRY IN THE YEAR 2099! ACTUALLY, IT'S PRETTY CUTE. BUT BOBBIE THOUGHT ANYBODY NAMED "WILLOW" OUGHTA LOOK MORE WILLOWY!



CARAVAN

THERE WAS SOME DISCUSSION ABOUT MAKING THIS GUY A NATIVE AMERICAN, WHICH EXPLAINS THE WAR PAINT. BUT NO, HE'S FROM INDIA, AND YOU'LL FIND OUT MORE ABOUT HIM IN FUTURE ISSUES!

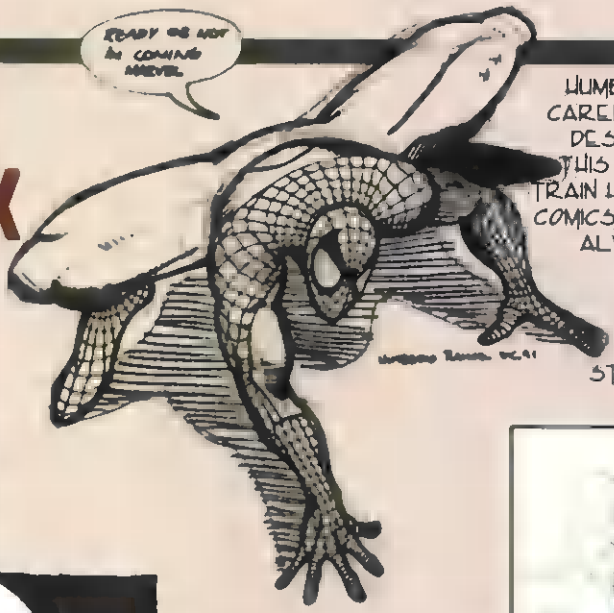




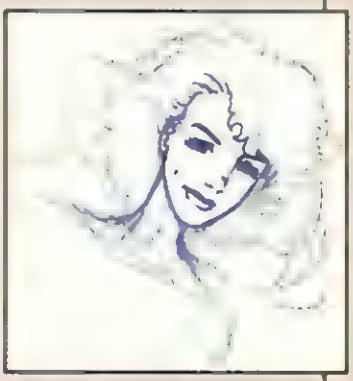
METALSMITH

WE WERE GONNA CALL HIM "BLACKSMITH," BUT WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT CONFUSE HIM WITH "BLACKSMITH," INSTEAD OF THE GUY WE WANT YOU TO CONFUSE HIM WITH! CONFUSED? GOOD... WE'LL STRAIGHTEN IT OUT IN LATER EPISODES!

EARLY ARTWORK



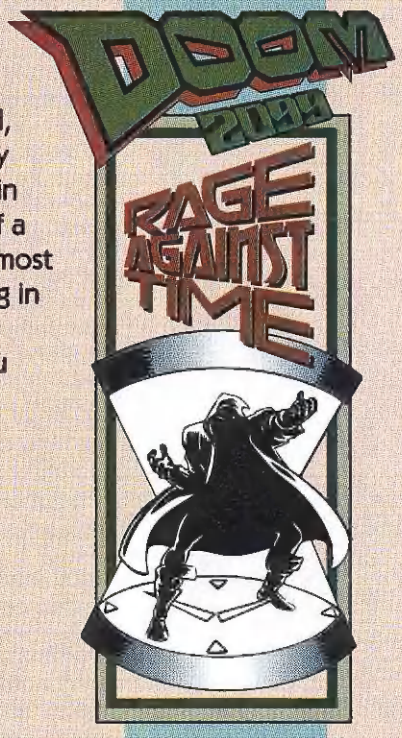
HUMBERTO BEGAN HIS CAREER AS A GRAPHIC DESIGNER, BUT KEPT THIS SKETCHBOOK TO TRAIN HIMSELF TO DRAW COMICS, A FIELD HE WAS ALWAYS DRAWN TO! NOTE THE MAJOR STYLE CHANGE. DESPITE THE FACT THAT THIS STUFF'S ONLY FOUR YEARS OLD!



"THAT'S MY WIFE, ALICIA," HUMBERTO SAYS OF THIS PORTRAIT. "BUT SHE'S PRETTIER THAN THIS!"

What else is our scribe Tom Peyer working on?

This! We've done everything with DOOM 2099 we could think of, from have him enter the 2099 Savage Land, to let him ascend to the Presidency! Now, comes the story you never expected: DOOM 2099 becomes DOOM 1996 in this unprecedented event! "RAGE AGAINST TIME" kicks off a whole new chapter in the complex career of the world's most diabolical despot! The skein of time gets unwound starting in issue #39 (and just as Doom gets himself a wicked new wardrobe, too)! If you miss this, turn in your membership to the Villains, Thieves and Scoundrels Union!



WHAT WILL THIS COMIC BE WORTH IN 2099?

Well, if they still remember X-NATION 2099 a century from now, they'll probably prize it as Humberto Ramos' first Marvel job. Isn't he amazing? Check out the clear-as-Zima storytelling, the authentically alive characters, and that rare, almost sensual charge we get from looking at really good pictures. Whoever the out-of-it, dull-witted fool was who first said, "the play's the thing," (What? That was Shakespeare? He was a *moron!*) never compared one of my dopey little plots to Humberto's energetic pages. I mean, I *came up* with these characters — with lots of help, input and interference from Joey — but when I saw Humberto's first sketches of Clarion and the gang I realized I'd had no idea of what they're about until that moment. The way they were *looking* at me . . . I suddenly got really uptight. It was the same feeling I get when a bunch of kids are laughing and whispering on the bus. Were they mocking me out?

Yes they were. The little creeps. And they're still doing it, every day. Because they know that we oldies who are putting their stories together have *plans* for them, see, and they're smart and together and bratty enough to *seem* to go along with these plans while, in truth, they just do whatever the shock they want. We come up with endless "character arcs" and "spines" — the Mutant Messiah angle, the Avian sub-plot — and they sneer at us and call us prissy old Howlers, because they sprung from Humberto's brow knowing what they're *really* up to: *nothing,* and they aim to *keep* it that way.

Flashback to the 20th century: In the middle of tenth grade, I left public high school to enroll in what we used to call a "Free School." At the time, these institutions were proliferating like Taco Bells, thanks to the anti-establishment vogue of the Sixties. The main idea here was to separate education — which *should* be fun, fascinating and individual-enhancing — from the penitentiary-like regimentation of public schools.

Like every fashionable idea, the Free School movement was embraced by some well-meaning types who didn't understand it and had no idea what to do with it. At least this was true in my school. It was run by two recent college grads whose heads were full of case histories of energetic kids who enthusiastically became full-blown geniuses when their brains were allowed to flower in the sunlight of liberation. My classmates and I were not like those case history kids at all. We just didn't want to go to real school anymore.

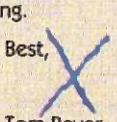
So, our poor, frustrated teachers, Lois and Tom, spent their days crabbing and moaning and whining at us to get off our lazy young butts and become prodigies — or at least to express an interest in *something* — while we lounged on couches and pillows, reading comics, listening to music, staring back at them dim-eyed, dumb as shovels, interested in absolutely nothing and no one except ourselves.

It was one of the best times of my life.

Inspired by Humberto, and Joey and Lia, and Halo City Fathers John Moore and Ron Lim and Warren Ellis, and all of the other demented denizens of 2099 A.D., I'm looking forward to reliving that time here every month.

. . . If these darned stubborn mutant kids will just play along.

Best,



Tom Peyer
MMMS #4360

SPECIAL BONUS TEXT FEATURE: AMAZING SIMILARITIES BETWEEN JOEY AND DOOM

DOOM	JOEY
Always hatching a new scheme to control the entire world of 2099.	Always hatching a new scheme to control the entire world of 2099.
Will do anything — ANYTHING — to achieve this end.	Will do anything — ANYTHING — to achieve this end.
Frequently succeeds.	Sometimes succeeds.
Never gives up.	Never gets a break.
Spent half the 20th Century fighting Marvel heroes.	Spent half the 20th Century working for DC.
Descends into the Underworld once a year to fight for his mother's soul.	Takes the subway to work.
Hideously scarred face.	Looks like Joey.

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